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The Times

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THE Santa Ana Free Press, locally known as the "Fly Press," is in the hands of a receiver.

TWO-THIRDS of the eastern cities own their water-works, and most of the rest mean to do so. Los Angeles will own hers within a very few years.

A GEORGIA paper says that all the people in Jackson county, in that State, are related to each other, counting to fifth cousin. Such intermarriages, if persisted in, will produce a very deteriorated race of people.

THE mouthing journal which aspires to be a Republican "organ" makes the astounding assertion that it has never opposed a Republican candidate. A fresh supply of gall seems to have been laid in to replenish the editorial reservoir.

In an article in yesterday's issue the Tribune refers to "J. P. Gilchrist," "J. B. Gilchrist" and "H. D. Gilchrist." If the "Bones had tried once more it might have hit upon the right name of the gentleman, which is J. D. Gilchrist.

Boston is at length beginning to understand what the habits of Chinamen are. There is to be an inquiry whether the Chinese quarter in that city is an injury to Boston's health and morals. Pacific coasters can afford to smile, when they remember New England criticisms of from ten to fifteen years ago.

THE San Diego Union announces that the Spence observatory scheme has fallen through, and that two San Diego men will erect an observatory on Mt. San Miguel, and will secure for it the telescope which Mr. Spence had ordered. This is the first we had heard of such intended abandonment of Mr. Spence's project.

AFTER all the clamor for woman suffrage there are, apparently, comparatively very few women who care to avail themselves of the privilege when they get it. Kansas has woman suffrage, and Topeka, the chief city, has 50,000 inhabitants. For the municipal elections to be held next month only about fifty women have expressed their desire to vote by registering.

GOV. WATERMAN's personal organ makes the more or less mysterious announcement that he has no candidate for Governor. Is Editor Waterman, then, to confine himself strictly to riding the tricky tripod, and not to mount the nimble Mustang, *riata* in hand, and go gayly out to the rodeo in search of the unbranded delegate? Is there really a "ruction" between Editor Waterman and Gov. Waterman?

THE Stockton Record lectures the Protestants of that city for attempting to make conversions from the outside, while they themselves are divided into 16 small squads, differing among themselves. There are two sides to this question. Sometimes great unity in religion is simply an evidence of apathy, or of ignorance. In Catholic countries there is unity, but there is also superstition and very little active religious life.

THE favorite pretense and oft-repeated claim of Mr. Waterman's personal organ is that it makes a specialty of defending Republican officials and candidates, and that it has never assailed such. If THE TIMES ever indulged in either slang or strong language—which are foreign to it—it would denounce this amazing pretense of the contumpry as rot and hogwash of the most aggravated sort; as hypocrisy of the rankiest order. Look at the record!

A SHORT time ago Gov. Waterman stated that R. U. Johnson of the Century Magazine was a nephew of Frederick Law Olmsted, the well-known authority on landscape gardening, and also said that Mr. Johnson had offered to quit attacking the Yosemite Valley management, provided his "uncle" Olmsted should be employed there. We have received a printed pamphlet from Mr. Olmsted, in which he emphatically denies the truth of these statements, as also does Mr. Johnson. Gov. Waterman stated what was utterly false, and what he should have known to be false, if he did not know it.

CONCERNING "ORGANS."

A local journal, to wit, Mr. Waterman's personal organ, the Los Angeles Tribune, which appears latterly to be much "rattled," though still posing and pretentious, emits a labored editorial on the subject of the party "organ" and its alleged mission.

We desire to say something on the subject of party organs; and, with the permission of the Chair, will now project our perpendicular and pointed remarks upon the populace.

The local publication mentioned, which eagerly aspires to become an accepted organ, appearing to be in doubt itself as to just how it stands, ostentatiously "re-states its position"—once more.

That position we regard as untenable.

Pursuing the unmasked *ignis fatuus* of still hoping to force recognition for itself as a party "organ," the Tribune flounders through a mass of illogical verbiage, about as pertinent to the journalism of today as the discussion of infant baptism, the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, or the Schleswig-Holstein question.

The truth is, the party organ went out years ago as a factor in politics and journalism. The "organ" belonged to the era of the one-man power in politics; it was the incipient political boss.

At this day, the editor of the public journal, which aspires to be an organ, is generally of the "back-number" species. For a local publication to attempt to constitute itself an organ of the Republican party is assumption and arrogance, not to say impudence of the most offensive sort. It is arrogance which is not and will not be tolerated by the Republican party, composed as it is of intelligent, thinking, and, above all, of independent citizens, who can neither be led nor driven.

Amateurs in journalism and "back numbers" in politics do not seem to understand this fact. They are not up to the times—especially if capitalized.

In this blessed day and generation it is a fortunate circumstance for correct politics, for good government, for the country, that there exist few or no generally-accepted party organs—speaking in the strict sense—anywhere. How many of the great representative journals of the country are recognized as distinctively party organs? Figure on your fingers and let us have the result of the count.

What would be said of a single individual, no matter how able or meritorious, who should undertake to set himself up as the especial representative, "the organ" of his party in nation, State, district, county or city—saying to all others of his party: "I am (politically) holier than thou; stand back and recognize me as the 'organ' of the party"? He would be speedily scolded at and hustled to the rear, not to say "sat down upon" by his fellows.

What better right has any public journal to assume the role of an "organ"?

The truth is, when the people want an organ, whether personal or journalistic, they issue a call for the object to come to the front. In the case of newspapers, few are called and still fewer get elected. This is as it should be. The field is large and there are many workers in it. Let the people employ whom or what they will. It is for them to choose; they are the judges.

How can party journals be invested with the authority and the attributes of "organs"? Not by self-constituted party leaders, or self-made party bosses, for these have no such right or power. Not by party conventions or committees, for these bodies do not work things in that way. Not by the mass of the party in any given locality, for they never have agreed, and never can agree, upon such a proposition. In fact, party organs are not invested at all with general or undisputed authority as such; they cannot, in the nature of things, be so invested, and, therefore, there are no party "organs" entitled to pose in that role to the exclusion of their contemporaries.

The broader sentiment, the better condition of things in this regard is that public journals are to be treated, respected, measured, patronized on the basis of what they do and what they contain, rather than for what they pretend or profess. In other words, each journal is to be judged for itself by its readers upon the merits, without reference to its own political pretensions or party claims. There is, we are aware, a classical saying to the effect that "he who bloweth not his own horn, the same shall not be blown"; yet the reliability of the journalistic blast cannot always be depended upon, as we have had frequent evidence in Los Angeles.

In proportion as a public journal is valuable as a newspaper, faithful to principle, devoted to the public welfare, fearless and free, and, above all, honest in intention, it will be respected, patronized, and gain influence and power; and in proportion as it exhibits the opposite of these qualities and attributes, it will be contemned, neglected, and secure small patronage, limited influence and less power.

We hold that the best journalism for strengthening the Republican organization is that which cooperates heartily and yet independently with its trust and best members (who compose the mass of the party) in securing good nominations, avoiding breakers, and choosing only correct lines of action.

What is an "organ"? Something to be played upon—an instrument that too often puts forth political tones to order, not inspired by living and enduring principle, but dictated by the temporary expedients of the hour; by the exigencies of mere narrow partisanship, as contradistinguished from broad statesmanship; by the demands of a few weak and selfish men setting themselves up as "leaders" and entering the office of the organ by way of the back stairs to give instructions to the able editor—leaders whose aims are sure to be at variance with the true

interests of the many, who constitute the party as a whole.

The readers of a public journal look to it for the news of the day, for facts, for pertinent discussions of men and measures, for timely criticisms of aspirants for public favor; for honest and, as far as possible, correct judgments in regard to men and things. If the conductors of the journal be wise, bold, independent, fair, and animated by good motives, they will influence their constituency; if they be the opposite, they will fail to impress their readers. In any event, the reader himself will be the final arbiter, the court of last resort in matters of conscience, if not of judgment.

The duty of discussing men and measures, of pointing out and commending the good, as well as of uttering warnings against the bad, is a duty which the honest and fearless journalist cannot evade, if he would be respected and have his journal command the confidence of the people. It is a duty which he cannot shoulder off upon individuals, upon committees, or upon conventions. He must do what he can to uphold the right as he sees the right—to impress his convictions upon others, leaving them to do likewise, and trusting to results for the best outcome.

The nondescript and negative local sheet whose owl-like fulminations are not lacking, with its ostentatious cunning, that "the editor who seeks to control caucuses and conventions" is a destroyer rather than a builder, and the pretentious paper proclaims that "the organ of a political party should be impersonal!" Here is gall that is refreshing! These sapient remarks seem to have been wrung from the journalistic failure by long, sad and disastrous experience. How fresh in the minds of Los Angeles Republicans are the almost countless personal attempts made in years past, so long as there was hope of success, by the manager, manipulator and master-spirit of the tottering Tribune to control private individuals, candidates, primaries, caucuses and conventions of the Republican party in city, county and district—to "boss the business"—to manipulate all nominations and appointments and to control officers after their election by the people; in short, to "run things" all along the line! These persistent attempts, which have emanated from this pestiferous newspaper camp during the entire period since it came into the world "before its time, scarce half made up," are notorious; they are the conspicuous scandal, which has marked the local politics of Los Angeles for its many years.

They largely constitute the prime-motive cause of whatever inharmoniousness has disturbed the party councils—that inharmoniousness which this same journalistic, vicious and off-color journal, with matchless hypocrisy, now pretends to deplore.

It seems that even when buried under ground, electric wires can make damage. On Broadway, New York, a horse got one of its legs into a manhole. The shoe struck a live subway wire and the animal was killed instantly. Electricity is a useful servant to man, but needs close watching.

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

Blaine is said to favor free trade with Central and South America.

The Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin Congressmen want the duty on sugar wiped out. California, Kansas and Nebraska oppose it.

Gov. Luce of Michigan thinks that the corporations and trusts will force the people to a society somewhat similar to that outlined by Edward Bellamy.

The Colusa Herald, referring to Col. Markham, says: Should he receive the nomination, we know of no reason just why we should not receive the cordial support of all Republicans at the polls.

Steve White seems to have been able to run a "corner" on all the virtues in the calendar. If he would! Oh! if he he only would come down from the lofty perch and condescend to stoop so low as to accept a Democratic nomination for Governor how he would scoop things.—(Colusa Herald.)

The Governor has brought down on his devoted head the maledictions of the eight-hour men. At a meeting of the Eight Hour League in San Francisco on Tuesday evening the Governor's letter refusing to make May 1st a legal holiday to enable the Eight Hour League to make a big parade coupled with some "business-like" remarks about the improvidence of spending their hard-earned dollars in useless show when it could be spent in providing work for the unemployed, was read amid the jeers and catcalls of the audience, while letters from Senator Stanford and Congressman McKenna favoring the eight-hour movement and promising to work for legislation to that end, were read amid applause. Gov. Waterman has been ambitious to give the State a "business man's" administration, but what appears like sound business sense often proves to be mighty poor politics.—(San José Times.)

The Political Field.

(San Louis Obispo Republic.)
 We have received a copy of the Los Angeles TIMES, with an article entitled, "The Political Field," marked for our attention. In this we find reviews of the various gubernatorial candidates whom we have previously noticed. THE TIMES regards the field for the selection of the candidate as including the entire State, and not Southern California alone. There is a claim, however, for Southern California, as from this section came the majority that carried the State for Harrison, and from the same section California must look for the majority to elect a Republican Governor. But to win there must be no mistake made in the selection of the man to make the race.

The Wheelmen.

The Los Angeles Wheelmen inaugurated the outing season yesterday with a run to Santa Monica and return. Thirty-six wheelmen participated, among whom were the following: Dave Burke, N. R. Bradley, E. C. Blackford, J. A. O. O'Brien, L. D. Sale, A. G. Spier, M. A. Spier, Pete Abel, Sherman Pease, John Tufts, Art Little, Harry Stuart, F. Stuart and Messrs. Baker, Allen, Kerchner, Herwig, Savage and Pfaffinger.

SENSATIONAL ROBBERY
KEEFER & CO. SYSTEMATICALLY BURGLARIZED.

H. Chanaron, a Well-known Barber Next Door, the Thief—How the Scheme Was Worked—Over \$2000 Worth of the Stolen Goods Recovered by the Police—The Total Loss \$5000—How It Was Discovered.

The police department did a good piece of work yesterday, not only solving the mystery which has surrounded a number of robberies, but capturing the thieves, and recovering something over two thousand dollars' worth of the stolen property. For some months past J. H. Keefe & Co., the wholesale liquor firm, has been missing articles from stock. Sometimes a case of champagne would mysteriously disappear, then a package of fine whisky or brandy, and then from one to half a dozen boxes of fine cigars would fall to materialize in the morning, although they were known to be on the shelves in the evening when the store was closed. There was absolutely no trace of the thieves, nor were there any signs that any of the doors or windows had been tampered with. The store of Keefe & Co. is on Main street, in the Abbott building, adjoining the Pico House, the next place north being a barber shop kept by a Frenchman named H. Chanaron, and has a back entrance on Sanchez street, which adjoins Chinatown, and it was supposed by the Messrs. Keefe that the goods and what stolen property or booty were getting in the back when the employees were in the front of the building, and they so reported the cases at the police station, when the thefts were brought to the attention of the department, and although the detectives made search for the stolen property, none of it was ever recovered.

As stated above, this sort of thing has been going on for several months past, and there was not the slightest clew to the thieves. All that was known by Messrs. Keefe was that they were being robbed, and the thing might have gone on indefinitely, but for a mere accident, followed up by good work on the part of Chief Glass and the detective force. Saturday night John Silvers, one of the clerks in the store, decided to go on a trip, and yesterday morning a few minutes before 6 o'clock went to the store for his duster, which he had forgotten the previous night. As he opened the front door he detected the smell of liquor, and at the same time heard a faint sound of a man running in the cellar, falling over the barrels. He made an investigation, and discovered a demijohn by the side of a barrel of fine old Cognac brandy, in which there was a siphon with which some one was filling the same. The person had evidently been disturbed while at work by the entrance of Mr. Silvers, and had left the liquor run, which overflowed the demijohn. Mr. Silvers shut off the liquor and went through the store, when he discovered a pile of boxes of cigars and several bottles of fine liquors sitting near a back door leading into a hallway in the rear of the building. The door, however, was locked, and he was unable to get in.

Seeing that any of the openings had been tampered with, he went into the cellar in the mean time had ceased, and Mr. Silvers, picking up a bung-starter and calling in reinforcements, started to look the matter up. Nothing was discovered, and after going through the place and finding no one, Mr. Silvers notified Mr. Keefe, and that gentleman went to his store and made an examination, but could find nothing, and then reported the case to Chief Glass at the police station shortly after 6 o'clock. The Chief had just come to his office, but he at once went with Mr. Keefe to his store to look over the ground for himself. All the entrances were found secure, and the Chief directed his attention to the pile of goods that had been stacked up in the rear part of the building, ready to be carried off. They were directly in front of the door leading into the hallway, and the Chief asked if Mr. Keefe had access to the hall, when that gentleman replied that he used it in common with the proprietor of the barber shop, H. Chanaron, whose shop adjoined his.

The door was then opened, and the Chief proceeded to make an investigation. The hallway is probably eight or ten feet wide, and runs forward to the steps leading to the old Salvation Army hall from Main street. Just inside the hallway the Chief noticed a large screwdriver on the floor, and discovered an old trap-door leading to the cellar under Keefe's place open. He then went forward, and while tumbling over a lot of old rubbish discovered a locker or closet under the stairway, with a key in the lock of the door. Opening this door, a barrel of whisky, several demijohns of liquor and a number of boxes of cigars were found snugly stored away. Mr. Keefe, who was with the chief, promptly identified the articles as among those stolen from his store. This solved the whole thing, so far as the Chief was concerned, and locking the door and taking possession of the key, he started back to the door. At this moment the proprietor of the barber shop, Chanaron, came out of his place and appeared to busy himself about some soiled towels hanging on the wall. The Chief asked who he was. Then Mr. Keefe replied that he was his neighbor, the barber, when the Chief told him that he was also the thief who had been robbing him. Mr. Keefe could scarcely believe this, but the Chief was certain that he had the right man, and, sending out for officers, put them to watch the front and rear of the building, with instructions to watch the place and allow no one to escape.

He then questioned Chanaron, and finding that he lived at No. 280 Main street, went down town to the District Attorney's office with Mr. Keefe, who, acting on his advice, swore out complaints against Chanaron and a barber in his employ named A. J. Falder, who lives at No. 117 North Olive street. He then came to his office and swore out a search-warrant to search Chanaron's house, Judge McKinley being found at church and going to the station for that purpose. Detectives Aulse, Bowler and Bosqui then arrested Chanaron and Falder and took them to the station, where they were locked up. Chanaron appeared to be much surprised when placed under arrest, and when told that certain goods belonging to Keefe & Co. had been found on his cupboard, he said that they had been put there by Max Fuerkamp, a former employe of the firm, who drowned himself in San Francisco Bay some months ago, after figuring in a disgraceful scrape here, in which he was robbed by a notorious woman of the town named Carrie Abbott. He was somewhat nervous, but did not appear very uneasy, and was locked up by himself, nothing being said to him about a

search warrant being out for his house.

After disposing of Chanaron, the detectives went to his house on Macy street, where their most sanguine expectations were more than realized. Hundreds of empty bottles were found about the place, many of them bearing Keefe's labels, among which were noticed a number of quart champagne bottles, showing that he had at least been living high, and on searching the house a fine assortment of wines, brandies, whiskies, liquors, cordials, etc., were found, all of the most expensive brands, and all bearing Keefe's labels. Besides these several thousand expensive cigars were found, showing that the selections had been carefully made. The Chief was notified of the find, and the patrol wagon was sent to bring in the goods, which were taken to the station, and filled two cells. The wagon had to make three trips, and the total value of the property recovered is put at two thousand dollars, besides which the evidence of the empty bottles showed that at least a much more had been disposed of. The detectives were busy on the case all during the afternoon, and discovered one place on Kahrts street, just off San Fernando, where Chanaron had disposed of 3000 cigars, and it is believed that other places will be found in the course of a day or two. Altogether, it is one of the biggest burglaries of the kind in the history of the country, and Chief Glass deserves great credit for the prompt manner in which he took hold of the case, gave it his personal attention and worked it out.

The discoveries yesterday placed Chanaron's guilt beyond any question, and reveal his entire plan of operation. Being in business adjoining, and the members of the firm and employes of the house patronizing him, he was the last person in the world that they would suspect of robbing them. Both places use the rear hall to get to the water closets, and the boiler and furnace for Chanaron's bathroom are in this place. Besides this, he hung his soiled towels in his portion of the hall, so that his frequent visits to the place attracted no attention. The trap door leading into the cellar was apparently securely screwed down, but the screw-driver found shows how this little obstacle was overcome. After the liquor house closed for the night, or before it opened in the morning, Chanaron would go to his shop, open up, leave his barber in front, and go into the hallway, when he would take out the screws, raise the door, go down into the cellar and come up into the store. He would then leisurely select what he wanted from the stock, taking a box or two of cigars and a bottle or two of liquor, but not enough to attract special attention, carry them back to the door, open it by pushing back the bolts, carry his plunder into his private locker, the door of which was concealed by an old sign carelessly placed in front of it, go back, bolt the door after him, come up from the cellar by the trap door into his own place, replace the screws and resume his business. He was probably engaged in siphoning out the brandy from the barrel into the demijohn yesterday morning when he was interrupted by the unexpected arrival of the clerk, and only had time to make his escape into the cellar, without even shutting off the liquor. In his hurry he failed to replace the screws in his trap-door, leaving it open, so that he could get in the day, and had not prompt action been taken by Mr. Keefe and Chief Glass, this would probably have been done, and so one would have suspected Chanaron. He might have continued his thefts indefinitely.

In regard to Chanaron's gaudy story about how the goods came to be left with him by the late Max Fuerkamp, Mr. Keefe will be able to disprove this by showing that certain goods have been stolen in the past week, several boxes of cigars, the brands of which have only been in stock for a short time, being found among the stolen property.

Keefe & Co. estimate their loss at anywhere from three to five thousand dollars.

During the afternoon, it is said that Cohn, the pawnbroker, called on Mr. Keefe to try and "square" the case, telling him that any deficit shown on his books would be made good. Mr. Keefe will, however, prosecute Chanaron, and the proof is such that a conviction is certain.

Three Mysterious Murders.

DENVER (Colo.), March 30.—Last December the body of a girl, supposed to be that of Edna Wilson, was found buried in a hut, on the Enos ranch, on the Big Horn basin. The coroner, while investigating the matter last week, discovered two more bodies, one that of a white man and the other that of an Indian woman, buried within a few feet of where the girl was found. All three had been murdered. The heads were crushed with an ax. They had evidently been dead a year. The mystery is beyond solution to the authorities.

Gets Office by a Scratch.

DENVER (Colo.), March 30.—The jury which in the past two weeks has been hearing the Londoner Mayoralty-contest case, tonight rendered a verdict to the effect that they had by the evidence introduced found 50 fraudulent votes. As Londoner had a majority of 427 he is still Mayor, but by only 77 majority. It is not yet known what further action will be taken in the matter if any.

Clearing-house Reports.

BOSTON, March 30.—The total cross exchanges for the last week as shown by dispatches from leading clearing-houses in the United States and Canada, were \$87,633,455, a decrease of 4.6 per cent as compared with the same week last year.

Won in the Second Round.

MILTON, March 30.—A glove contest on Saturday night, before the Milton Athletic Club, between E. J. Brady of Jackson and N. J. Hart of Copperopolis, was won in the second round by Brady.

Hotel Burned.

PARIS (Tex.), March 30.—The Central Hotel was burned this morning. William Eldridge, a young farmer, was suffocated. The other guests escaped in their night clothes.

Games Again Postponed.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—Owing to rain, the baseball games in the California League series at Stockton and this city were both postponed today.

Ring and Roar in the Ears, Deafness and catarrh successfully treated by Dr. Stoum, 308 South Main street.

Public Sale.

Wednesday, April 24, at 10 o'clock a.m., all the Furniture of the Sierra Vista Hotel, Sierra Madre, consisting of 30 Bedroom Sets, about 50 yards of Brussels and Ingrain Carpets, 6 Heating Stoves, 2 Ranges, dining room and kitchen Furniture, 1 Billiard and Pool Table combined, 1 Iron Safe, 1 Refrigerator, parlor, sitting-room and office Furniture, Chairs, Stands, Tables, Hall Racks, Chandeliers, Lamps, Pictures, etc. These goods are to be sold without reserve. Everybody invited to attend. A free lunch will be served at the hotel. Take Santa Fe train at 8:30 a.m. BEN O. RHODES, Auctioneer.

George T. Roberts, M.D., Minneapolis.

In speaking of Coronado Natural Mineral Water, said: "I look upon it as one of the best cards you have. It completes your list of advantages as a perfect Sanitarium."

For sale by H. J. WOOLACOTT, Agent, 124 and 125 North Spring street, Los Angeles.

NATIONALISTS.

CLUB NO. 1 IN ITS REGULAR SUNDAY SESSION.

President Peables Felicitates the Nationalists on the Progress Which They Have Made in This City—Dr. Congelton Rides Rough-shod Over the Churches.

The Nationalists in this city are rapidly drawing from the church a certain class of followers, and if the politicians do not look out the new party will merge into a religious order, and the army of office-seekers, who are always running after some new aim, will find themselves preaching instead of holding office.

Nationalist Club No. 1 held an enthusiastic meeting in Temperance Temple, yesterday afternoon at 8 o'clock. The little hall was comfortably filled with a mixed audience from all walks of life, and they all seemed deeply interested in the subjects discussed by their speakers.

The meeting was opened by President Peables, who read a brief paper giving the history of the club, and showing how the membership has grown and other clubs have sprung up during the past year. He stated that all the clubs have prospered to a wonderful extent, and that Nationalism is stronger in Los Angeles than in any other city of its size in the United States.

The question "What has Nationalism done?" is often asked. Thousands of people have been educated, and the only road to future prosperity has been opened to a long-suffering people. Its theories are sweeping away all obstacles, and every one who carefully examines its principles must come into its fold sooner or later. The speaker was confident that it will do more good in a few years than all the churches put together.

A resolution asking the City Council to grant a franchise for a new gas company was then circulated through the audience for signatures. A resolution thanking Mrs. Coan for the able assistance she gave the club in getting up an entertainment was unanimously adopted. The lady was also elected president of the ladies' meeting which will take place in the same hall next Sunday.

Dr. Congelton, the speaker of the day, who is a Grand Lecturer for the Sons of Temperance, was then introduced, but before he opened his discourse one of the managers of the club stepped to the front and stated that it would be necessary to take up a collection to send delegates to the Nationalists' convention in San Francisco. He mildly stated that they will keep the expenditure down as much as possible. "We have written to the railroad company asking for a rebate, and we may get tickets for at least two-thirds of the regular rates, but they have not answered our letter yet, and they may have hard feelings, but I don't think so."

Dr. Congelton then stepped to the front and made his bow. He is quite a young man and evidently feels his youth, for several times during his speech he referred in a humorous manner to the infant hairs on his upper lip. He reminds one quite forcibly of the Rev. Sam Jones, especially when he

head and yanks them over the 65th. He compared the church of today to a beautiful marble statue. It is a pretty thing to look upon, but it is of little real benefit to the great mass who have clung to it for years and are no better off than when they first fell on the cross. The Nationalists propose to do for the people what the church cannot do. They propose to give them both salvation and comfort while they are on this earth. All the church does is to promise them a white robe when they die.

He then jumped on the rich and said he was confident that no man can make \$1,000,000 in this life honestly. If he gets that much wealth together he has to rob somebody. There is enough wealth in this country for all to live in comfortable circumstances if it is properly managed. Spiritual teachers have one remedy for all evil: if a man is hungry or cold, they tell him to pray. If his family are starving, they tell him to have faith in God and pray for help. They will tell him how to save his soul, but they leave him to the tender mercies of the devil in this life. This doctrine is all right as far as it goes, but it will not provide food for the hungry, or clothing for the man who stands by faith and prayer, and does not try to help himself in a bad box.

He stated that capitalists are doing all in their power to destroy laborers. They work them day after day without giving them a day's rest, and consequently do not get as much work as they would if they would give time to rest. The railroad companies give their engines a rest once in a while and a man should be treated with as much consideration as a piece of machinery. This selfish policy makes thieves, liars and harlots. This greed for gain leads virtuous mothers to sell their daughters into a long life of prostitution, for how much worse is it for a woman to sell her body for an hour than for life? Yet one is hounded from society as an unclean thing while the other is worshipped as being but little lower than the angels, as long as her husband's money lasts.

It is a general belief among the thoughtless that what is legal is right. Houses of prostitution and gambling dens are licensed in many places and are legal, but that does not make them right. A few years ago I visited Kansas City and found licensed houses of prostitution and Sunday-schools flourishing side by side. Harlots would visit the Sunday-school and Sunday-school girls visit the lewd houses. Had this business been kept up any length of time prostitution might have become respectable, but that would not have made it right.

The speaker was of the opinion that the way to remove these evils is to get rid of that desire to get the almighty dollar. He was firmly convinced that the time will come when people will devote more time to the cultivation of the mind and body, and will pay less attention to the accumulation of great wealth.

The audience was then invited to join in a general discussion, and quite a number made short speeches.

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STAGE TONES.

THE BANJO AND GUITAR THE
ORCHESTRA OF THE FUTURE.

A Suggestion to Managers—The Writing Craze Among Actors—Entertainments of the Current Week—About Amateur Dramatic Clubs—Comic Opera and Melodrama Coming.

The London Musical World suggests humorously that a musical revolution more portentous in its results than any that has yet taken place is at hand; indicating, moreover, that having reached the highest artistic development possible under existing conditions, we are now upon the downward road to disintegration. "For some time there have been rumors that the kingdom of the banjo was at hand. In America, where there are no traditions of a native classic art to check the course of evolution, the banjo and the guitar are triumphant. In Boston, for instance, a concert was recently given by an orchestra of banjos, guitars and mandolins—150 of them! And in Chickering Hall a concert, less terrifying only in the smaller number—100—of instruments employed, took place at which—O shade of Wagner—the great march from *Tannhauser* was performed. With what words shall one tell of the manner in which those majestic strains of the horns and clarionets, those flowing passages for violins, were interpreted by the twiddles, chirps and plunk-plunks of the banjo? The harp, too, is gaining in popularity. It behooves us to ask what will be the ultimate effects upon art of the revival of this class of stringed instruments."

"For years," continues this learned authority, "we have been trying to produce instruments which shall rival the voice or the violin in power of sustaining notes, and giving broad cantabile passages with effect. Every pianoforte maker addressed himself to this, and the sustaining pedal was set up as a milestone in the path of progress. Now it seems we are to change all that. The pianoforte will replace the sustaining pedal, and we are to play vile things, stringed tambourines which hiss, and twangle and buzz, but never produce a sustained note."

The Boston Post suggests to opera managers that they shall advertise the exact time when the overture will begin, and that the doors shall be closed at that time until the first act is finished. The suggestion is a good one, but there is no reason why it should be limited to operatic performances. It is just as annoying to be interrupted by the rudeness of late arrivals who crowd into their seats during the first scenes of a play and distract the attention necessary to be given to the dialogue. But, in regard to another evil, there is no managerial rule that can reach the case of the selfish and unthinking people who rise in their seats, adjust their wraps and sail out as soon as they see the play will end in a few minutes more.

It is announced that William J. MacLennan, who has been writing his memoirs, will deal chiefly with the New York stage and will, no doubt, prove interesting to the lovers of dramatic literature. The memoirs of Jefferson in the Century, the recollections of Modjeska in the Arena, and of Boucicault in other magazines have been widely read, and the fashion of contributing such recollections to the public seems likely to grow into greater importance every day. So long as the general demand for such reading keeps up, the supply will not be allowed to fall off.

The evidence of the past two weeks shows conclusively a very healthful condition of affairs in the patronage afforded to theatrical amusements in Los Angeles. Frederick Warde wrote a manly and characteristic letter to Music and Drama at the conclusion of his short engagement here, in which he testified that he had been misled by false reports as to the dead condition of business here, and showed by the figures of his own engagement that he had been highly successful. His letter, published, as it is, in so widely-circulated a theatrical journal as Music and Drama, will go far toward correcting the wrong impressions that have been created by false statements.

The spectacular pantomime, *Pantasma*, owned by the Hanlon Brothers, did an excellent business for five nights and Saturday matinee; crowded houses being the rule at each performance. The managers leave Los Angeles with satisfactory proofs of the appreciation of our public.

During the present week both theaters will remain closed, but there will be several entertainments worthy of patronage. The first takes place this evening at the First Congregational Church, where a programme of rather exceptional interest will be presented. Several of our best singers, two eloquentists and last but not least a pianist of more than local fame will provide the entertainment.

Tomorrow evening the Channing Club offers the first of a series of three dramatic and poetic recitals to be given at the Church of the Unity by Mrs. Louise Humphrey-Smith, assisted by several of our leading lady vocalists. The programme includes, among others, selections from *The Merchant of Venice* and *Henry the Fifth*, which will give the reader ample opportunity for demonstrating her powers. Mrs. Smith has been praised for her culture and ability in a number of newspapers published on the Pacific Coast. The two following recitals will be given on the 3d and 7th instant respectively. The Channing Club is doing good work in increasing the number of refined entertainments offered to the public.

Miss Jessie Conthout will give some recitations at the Illinois entertainment next Friday night.

It is a rather singular fact that in a place with so large a population as Los Angeles there are not several amateur dramatic clubs in active operation. Such clubs, properly conducted, are evidences of culture and refinement, and ought to be among the attractions of our city. One such club, the Angel City Amateurs, gave a performance of *Howells' Fire O'clock* on Friday night at the Illinois. Held to a large audience. The participants were all young people, mostly connected with the High School, and deserve praise for attempting so difficult a selection. They should be encouraged to further

effort in a systematic way and under intelligent direction. Robertsons play of *School* is in rehearsal under Prof. Ludlam's direction, and is to be given by members of his college, with some outside assistance. As for the Ows, they appear, in theatrical parlance, to be "resting" for the present. There ought to be a much better showing made than the foregoing, as there must be plenty of good amateur dramatic talent in Los Angeles.

In the coming week both theaters will be open. The Grand Opera-house will be occupied by a company sent out direct from the New York Casino to play the Casino successes, *Erminie*, *Nadly* and *The Black Hussar*. The company is over fifty strong, and is reported very capable. It is performing now in San Francisco; where the small stage of the Bush-street Theater does not allow the proper display of the scenic effects. It is claimed that the large stage of the Grand Opera-house here will enable the management to do much better than it has done in San Francisco in this regard. The engagement is for five nights and a matinee.

At the Los Angeles Theater, opening on the 6th, *The Waits of New York* is to be produced for four nights. Katie Emmett appears in the piece as "Willie Rufus," the newsboy who is the hero of the play. The gentlemanly advance agent, whose cognomen is Yank Newell, in the interest of the production and for the information of an expectant public, desires to make known that whereas, women, when attired in the bifurcated garments properly belonging to the other sex, are usually anything but masculine in appearance, yet Miss Kate, when so clothed and personating the "bright, fearless newsboy, has a happy faculty of seemingly losing her identity." Her identity is always restored at the end of the play.

Dramatic and Musical Notes.
Adele Payn opens next week in *The Dead Heart*. The tour begins in New York State.

The Little Lord Fauntleroy Company which played in this city has got back to New York. Its tour covered a traveled distance of 18,522 miles, or an average of 772 miles per week for 24 weeks.

The Pembertons, in which J. M. Hill's new star was expected to shine, has turned out an indifferent success and has closed for the season.

John T. Sullivan says he has not signed, as yet, to go with Rose Coglian.

The Grand Duchess is meeting with great success at the New York Casino. Steele Mackaye has written a sensational drama, in five acts, entitled *Money Mad*, which J. M. Hill will bring out next week at the Standard Theater.

The week of Italian opera at the Auditorium, Chicago, with Patti, Tamagno and Albani was not as successful as the management expected.

Fred Solomon has written the music and Fred Clifton the libretto of a new comic opera, in three acts, entitled *De Frontignac*. The work is adapted from a French play, which has been translated into English, under the title of *A Wonderful Woman*, and the story is one that lends itself easily to operatic treatment.

It is said that there is not the slightest doubt about Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett playing together again next season, although it will not be under the management of Arthur B. Chase, who retires at the end of this season. A tour of 30 weeks has already been booked.—*Dramatic Mirror*.

Maude Granger, who has been in retirement for some time, will soon be seen in a new play of the emotional type.

John MacLean, a popular English actor, unexcelled in "old men" parts, died recently at the age of 55, of paralysis of the brain.

Virginia Marlowe has left Margaret Mather's company.

Paul Kaurer is to be produced at Drury Lane Theater, in London, next May.

Tony Pastor's managerial career, extending over a quarter of a century, has just been celebrated by commemorative performances at his place of amusement in New York City.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is reported convalescing, but the date of her return to the stage is quite uncertain.

Ullie Akerstrom has been compelled to cancel all her dates on account of illness. She is at Wilmington, Del.

Robert Mantell has appeared at Troy, N. Y., in the character of "Hamlet." The detailed criticisms of his performance are not yet received.

Edward Lloyd, the famous tenor, is on his way to this country.

Charles Wyndham, the English comedian, does not appear discouraged at his comparative non-success in New York, for he has announced his intention of trying his luck once more next season.

Parlor readings of Ibsen's plays appear to be the rage in eastern society just now.

The new opera of *Don Quixote* will be produced by the Bostonians on their visit to this coast. *Suzette*, *The Poachers* and *The Musketeers* are among their other operas.

Fay Templeton is to head a comic opera company next season. Howell Osborne, to whom it is said the sprightly Fay is married, will furnish the necessary lure to start the new venture.

William Ordway Partridge of Boston is the successful competitor who furnished the design for the statue of Shakespeare to be erected in Chicago.

Lady Colin Campbell has written a play. To aggravate the offense she will act in it herself.

Sara Bernhardt is announced to play in Sardou's *Cleopatra* on the 7th of April.

The Dramatic Mirror says that Aenes Huntington has paid Augustus Harris \$1000 to be released from her engagement with the Carl Rosa Light Opera Company. Miss Huntington is coming to this country next season to play *Paul Jones*.

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12 cans Standard Tomatoes.....	100	10-pound tin Lard.....	100
12 cans Standard String Beans.....	100	5-pound tin Lard.....	100
10 cans Standard Pie Fruits.....	100	10 Coal Oil or Gasoline.....	100
8 cans Standard Salmon.....	100	10-pound sack fresh Meal.....	100
8 cans Table Fruits, best heavy syrup.....	100	8 cans Maple or Elgin Milk.....	100
20 bars finest soap.....	100	1 gallon can Perfection or Crown Syrup.....	100
17 pounds best Island Rice.....	100	1 gallon can Golden Drip Syrup.....	100
1 gallon can Maple Syrup.....	100	1 gallon can New Crop.....	100
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